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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

SONGS OF YOUTH

SEEKING LOVE

He said he knew nothing of love;
And asked the flower to tell him
What it meant.
The flower turned its face upward,
And sunbeams came to kiss it
While it held the bee in its embrace.
He shook his head—"I do not understand."

He called upon the bird for love;
And the bird began to sing so sweetly,
That one could but listen.
A mate was soon returning the serenade;
And then, they met and were off together.
His face was perplexed.

The snow, he thought, might know
What love truly was;
But his fleecy friends were seeking peace
On earth's warm breast.
He moved slowly on.

I tried to tell him what he sought:
Two parts of a soul, that were cut
By the shears of God,
Unite—this is called love.
He was solemn.

Benjamin Rosenbaum

One night he passed away,
And I saw him in a dream.
"I am in love with Death,"
He said.
I did not understand.

GONE

She is gone!
Gone?
The night was moaning
Under the whip of the wind.
I was off through it,
Throwing myself against its emptiness
As it clutched me
And sent a shiver down my back.
Where were the stars and the moon?—
Some thief had taken them
As he had taken her.
The hairless trees were talking wildly—
They were as mad as I,
But I was speechless.
The lazy hours slowly plodded along,
Until God took pity
And placed a red light in the east,
While Peace sprinkled her flowers everywhere.
And I found her!